

## BOOTH-TUCKER ON TRIAL FOR NOISE.

Defended by Ex-Mayor A. Oakey Hall with a Keen Wit.

BUT HE MEETS A TARTAR.

Witness Who Didn't at All Enjoy "Hallelujah Eye-Openers."

FOR HE WAS TEMPERATE.

Bitter Complaints Against Bass Drum Solo with Snare Drum Obligato.

NEIGHBORS CONDEMN BARRACKS

One of Them Hoped When the Salvationists "Burned the Devil" Their Occupation Would Be Gone, but It Wasn't.

For three hours yesterday the court, jury, and at times Booth Tucker himself laughed at the tale of woe told by the people who desire him convicted of maintaining a nuisance at the Salvation Army barracks.

When the case was called before Judge Newburger, ex-Mayor A. Oakey Hall appeared for the commander. The army was well represented by a dozen or more of officers, several stenographers, reporters of the War Cry and Adjutant Ferris, who acted as associate counsel with Mr. Hall.

Then Phineas Smith was sworn as the first witness. He had, he said, resided at No. 131 West Thirteenth street for forty years. He described the location of the barracks running through from Fourteenth to Thirteenth street. He then told of the meeting on April 13, which continued until day-break, and which the neighbors charge rendered sleep impossible. The witness said he had gone into the meeting at 10 o'clock and that there were people with cornets, trombones, tambourines, drums and triangles. Previous to that time he had been to the station house. "What did you say?" asked Mr. Welch.

"Said they were going on all night," answered the witness, "and that I couldn't sleep. No more could I. It was awful."

"What were they doing?" asked Mr. Welch.

"Shouting, cheering, clapping hands and bringing musical instruments about, as though they were mad."

The witness then told of the regular Sunday services of the Salvationists, and said they commenced to beat snare drums at 6 in the morning and kept it up until midnight, with periods when bass drums joined in with the snares.

"What was the nature of the celebration they had on the 18th?" Mr. Smith was asked.

"That—that," he replied, wearily, "was a 'welcome home to the Commander.'" Ex-Mayor Hall then took the witness in hand and asked him about an affidavit he had made about the army singing popular and vulgar songs.

"I made it," said the witness.

"What vulgar songs were sung?" said Mr. Hall sharply.

"We'll never get drunk any more, 'Paradise Alley' and 'Two Little Girls in Blue,'" replied Mr. Smith.

"Do you call those vulgar?" said the venerable lawyer, with lifted eyebrows.

"When they are sung in church, I do," was the reply.

"Do you ever go to church?" Mr. Hall's voice was cynical.

"I do."



Katie Hoffman and Millionaire Peter Vanderveer.

Dr. Nads, of No. 890 Flatbush avenue, Flatbush, has brought civil suit against Peter Vanderveer, of No. 1159 Flatbush avenue, to recover \$80 for professional services rendered Katie Hoffman, the nineteen-year-old daughter of a Flatbush scissors grinder.

Vanderveer is a prominent citizen of Flatbush, reputed to be worth between \$500,000 and \$1,000,000. He has known Katie Hoffman for three years and they were often seen together. Last April Dr. Nads was called to attend the girl, who went through stages of diphtheria, scarlet fever, and pneumonia in succession. He claims the payment of his bill was guaranteed by Katie's wealthy admirer. Vanderveer denies this statement and says Dr. Nads is trying to extort money from him.

"What church?"

"The Baptist Church."

**Baptist Church? The Very Idea!**

"Didn't you ever hear those songs there?"

"No, sir; I never did, and I never want to," was the quick response.

The witness then testified that five bands were going at once at one time, and in response to a question if he had heard them after midnight, said he had heard snare drums apparently playing a sort of obligato to a bass drum solo.

"They had a grand pow-wow on the 7th of February and burned the devil," continued the witness. "There was a big sign outside which read: 'Two days and two nights to be spent with God. A grand hallelujah eye opener.'"

"Anything else?" asked Mr. Welch, who had resumed the re-direct examination.

"Yes, they had the dedication of the heavenly babe, Herbert Booth Lincoln Tucker."

The witness gradually grew excited at the recollection of his experiences, and told about going in the place and seeing Joe the Turk.

"Joe the Turk. Tell us about him," said Mr. Welch.

"Well, he was there dressed up like a monkey."

"Who is Jim the Turk?"

"They say he is a Turk. I think he's a brown negro," said the witness.

"Did you ever drink an eye-opener?" interrupted Mr. Hall.

"No, no, I'm a temperance man," answered Mr. Smith.

All through the testimony of Witness Smith the Court was forced to rap for order.

Robert H. Foote, of No. 113 West Thirteenth street, one of the jurors in the Maria Barberi case, said that the army commenced to toot up before 6 o'clock on Sunday to get ready for 7 o'clock services.

"When they get their war paint on," said Mr. Foote, "they continue to play this so-called music for hours. They have a big bass drum, a trombone and a concertina. That concertina is simply unbearable. They indulge in hysterical yelling and shrieks of what I should call despair. Lost souls, perhaps, but Communists Indians can't hold a candle to them. Then at 11 o'clock they bring out their heavy artillery. After that there is one quiet hour and then it is kept up for three or four hours—bass bands

working over time, army yelling, and people getting overcome. One man will get overcome and will yell two or three minutes; then another; then a chorus, and the brass band resumes. I've been there and seen it."

**A Most Godless Comparison.**

"Oh, you go there, do you?" asked Mr. Hall.

"Just like I would go to a dime museum to see the curiosities," was the reply. "The brass band takes a whack, and then the concertina begins again. Mr. Hall," added the witness plaintively, "if you ever hear that concertina, life will never be the same to you afterward."

The ex-Mayor tried to hide the smile under his mustache.

"In the afternoon," continued the witness, "they get out the rapid-fire guns. This continues two or three hours. Then comes the 8 o'clock service, that quits any time up to midnight."

"How about February 7?" inquired Mr. Welch.

"Oh, yes, on that day he disturbed everybody, burning the devil, but I said to my wife, 'Thank God, their occupation is gone; they've burned the devil up.'"

"Did you listen to the noise?" asked Mr. Hall.

"You don't have to listen. It comes to you," said the witness.

"Have you any personal feeling against the Army?" asked Mr. Hall.

"None at all. I just want to sleep."

"How much do you sleep?" asked the ex-Mayor, sweetly.

"Oh, I sleep off and on."

"Off and on what?" asked Mr. Hall, scoring a point.

"Mattress," answered the witness, scoring another.

The case was then adjourned until to-day.

**Only in Opera.**

(Washington Post.)

The result in Greece indicates that young and gallant princes succeed only in comic opera.

(Archibald Globe.)

When a man becomes so ill it is feared he will die, lots of people say nice things about him which embarrass him greatly when he recovers.

## HER AGED SUITOR NOW A DEFENDANT

Peter Vanderveer Sued by Katie Hoffman's Physician.

A MILLIONAIRE'S ROMANCE.

The Scissors Grinder's Daughter Says He Wooed Her with Rich Gifts.

A RIVAL OUTFLANKS HIM

He Denies Her Statements and Declares It Is Merely an Effort to Extort Money from Him.

It isn't often that a romance courses out of Flatbush. Trolley cars and vegetable wagons are the chief products. But a romance came yesterday, via the First District Civil Court. Dr. William H. Nads, of No. 890 Flatbush avenue, filed a suit against Peter Vanderveer, of No. 1159 Flatbush avenue, for the sum of \$80, due, the physician claims, for medical services rendered Katie Hoffman, a nineteen-year-old girl. She is the daughter of Henry E. Hoffman, a scissors grinder, at No. 85 Lott street. Dr. Nads asserts that he treated the girl under orders from Mr. Vanderveer, and the latter repudiates the obligation. The case will be tried on June 1. Everybody in Flatbush knows Peter Vanderveer. He is reputed to be worth all the way from half a million to a million dollars, and owns great slices of land in that locality, as well as valuable water front in Flatlands Bay. For sixty years Vanderveer has lived in Flatbush, where his father lived before him and accumulated great wealth. He is a bachelor, living quietly in the rear part of a moss-grown old mansion on the Flatbush road.

Katie Hoffman is not so well known. The child of poor but honest parents, she lives in a modest little cottage, not far from the broad Vanderveer acres. She is a brunette, pretty, the possessor of an ambition to be a dancer on the stage. Some three years ago, so Flatbush gossip runs, Vanderveer met her and admired her fresh young face and budding figure.

**Paid for Her Dancing Lessons.**

They were often seen together, much to the satisfaction of the Flatbush Mrs. Grundy. Katie's ambition to twinkle on the stage as a dancer enlisted the sympathy of her aged admirer. He paid for a series of lessons at a Brooklyn dancing academy. He gave her elegant Christmas and birthday presents, and progressed far enough in her regard to permit her to call him "Peter."

That was his pet name, and he seemed to like it, Katie says.

Last March Katie had a long siege of illness. First she had diphtheria, a particularly virulent attack. Just about the time she was recovering scarlet fever came along and claimed her as a victim. And to top it all off and gain her the distinction of being a young woman of remarkable recuperative powers the scarlet fever gave way to pneumonia.

It took her five weeks to run the gamut of these diseases, any one of which, in the opinion of Dr. Nads, might have proved fatal had he not attended her.

According to the statement of the physician, the girl convalesced to him, when he was called in to attend her the first time, that she was engaged to be married to "Peter," who would pay the bill. The second day of her illness, he claims, he saw Vanderveer and asked him about it. Vanderveer, he says, implored him to save the life of the "Little Girl," which it appears was her pet name. He went further, the doctor says, and said he was willing to pay all the bills for the best attention that could be bestowed. Secure in his belief that he would never get far for, he worked hard to save Katie's life, sat up all night with her on two occasions and called in another physician in consultation.



Miss Violet di Zerega, who is to wed Reginald Arnold.

THE formal announcement of the engagement of Miss Violet di Zerega to Reginald Arnold was made, at a dinner party given in honor of the young couple by the prospective bride's aunt, Mrs. John A. di Zerega, of No. 38 West Forty-eighth street.

Miss di Zerega, who is a very talented young woman, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank di Zerega, who are at present located at New Rochelle. The Messrs. Frank, John Augustus and Louis di Zerega are sons of Augustus di Zerega, of Island Hall, Westchester County. Frank and John A. di Zerega married sisters, the Misses Berry, daughters of Richard Berry, late president of the Tradesmen's National Bank. A daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. di Zerega was the late Lady Frankland, wife of Sir Frederic Frankland, tenth baronet of Thirleby, England. Another relative, Miss Lizzie di Zerega, married in this city Charles Stapleton Pelham Clinton, son of Lord Charles Pelham Clinton, and grandson of the fourth Duke of Newcastle.

Reginald Arnold, the prospective bridegroom, is a son of Surrogate John H. V. Arnold, formerly President of the Board of Aldermen. Mr. Arnold is a graduate of Columbia and a member of the Democratic and New York Athletic Clubs.

About three weeks ago he presented Vanderveer a bill for \$150. Vanderveer, the doctor says, asked to have the bill reduced and he cut it to \$80, simply because he needed the money. But Vanderveer refused to pay the \$80, and the physician brought suit. He says the old gentleman refused to settle on the ground that the "little girl" had gone back on him and was accepting the attentions of a younger man, who possesses good looks, to the exclusion of money.

Vanderveer denies that he ever promised to marry Katie. He admits that he paid for dancing lessons at a dancing academy, but denies that he bought her expensive presents. "I never promised to pay this bill," he declared yesterday. "There is something in this deeper than appears on the surface. I have received letters from the girl asking me for money and letters purporting to come from her which, I believe, were written by some one with an object in view. This suit for the amount of this doctor's bill is a scheme to extort money from me."

The insinuation that he is trying to blackmail the wealthy old man has aroused Dr. Nads to a pitch that may start him on a search for personal satisfaction. He also threatens an action for slander.

**PORTER MEETS HANOITAUX.**

New Ambassador's First Call on the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Paris, May 24.—General Horace Porter, the new United States Ambassador to France, was received to-day by the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Hanotaux. General Porter will have an audience with President Faure on Wednesday.

Henry Vignaud, secretary of the United States Embassy, to-day presented to M. Hanotaux the members of the United States Bimetallite Commission—Senator Wolcott, of Colorado; ex-Vice-President Stevenson, of Illinois; and General Paine, of Massachusetts.

**Shot Himself Before a Mirror.**

Gesport, N. Y., May 24.—Harry Kittredge, fifty-two years of age, committed suicide yesterday while in a fit of despondency on account of ill health. He entered the barn belonging to his aunt, with whom he had been staying, and placing himself before a mirror, shot himself, expiring instantly.

## SERMON SHOCKED FARR'S WIDOW.

Rev. Mr. Cross Vividly Depicts the Railroad Engineer's Death.

MRS. FARR IN THE CHURCH.

She Has Mourned Him and the Preacher's Realism Overcame Her.

LIES AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

His Sudden End Will Probably Emphasize the Sermon's Theme, "The Uncertainty of Life."

Atlantic City, May 24.—Mrs. Edward Farr, widow of the Reading Railroad engineer who was killed in the frightful railroad disaster on the Meadows, near here, last Summer, is at death's door. She suffers from mental shock as terrible, as fatal, to one who endures it as is the clash of railroad trains to the unlucky passengers.

Mrs. Farr went to the First Baptist Church last night. The pastor, the Rev. Thomas T. Cross, chose "The Uncertainty of Life" for the theme of his sermon, and exemplified it by describing the dreadful suddenness with which the engineer's life was cut off.

The picture he drew was too realistic for Mrs. Farr's widow, who has unceasingly mourned him. She uttered a shriek and became violently hysterical, laughed, wept and moaned. It is entirely probable that Mrs. Farr's death will emphasize the unhappy subject upon which the preacher dwelt.

Mrs. Farr lives on Missouri avenue. The Rev. Mr. Cross did not know she was in the congregation. He described, most vividly, the accident in which forty-six people were killed and 150 injured, and in which Farr met his death so tragically.

As she listened, Mrs. Farr became excited, then almost fainted. She leaned against the back of the pew, pale and panting. Then she uttered a piercing cry.

Those nearest her went to her aid and tried to pacify her, but her shrieks, interrupted now by wild laughter, now by lamentations. She was taken home, where she soon became comatose and now lies in that condition.

On July 30, 1896, an express train on the Reading Railroad, approaching Atlantic City, crashed into an excursion train on the Pennsylvania Railroad. It was charged that the trains were racing, and that Farr, the Reading engineer, did not heed the signal to stop at the road's crossing. He was pinned down under a mass of twisted iron, his hand grasping the throttle, while around him leaped tongues of flame. The lower part of his body was crushed and his death must have been instantaneous.

**QUICK MAKES A SPEECH.**

Roasts Tammany and Says National Issues Are Uppermost.

Congressman Quigg, who is to be chosen Chairman of the Republican County Committee to-night, was the principal speaker at the Blaine Club smoker last night. The clubhouse, No. 21 West Twenty-fourth street, was well filled with machine men.

Quigg's remarks were of the regulation stump variety. He assailed Tammany Hall, and said that while the Republican machine was willing to meet the Democrats on local issues, yet national questions would be uppermost in the coming Mayoralty campaign.

He refused to make any comment on the local situation, and would not discuss the attacks which had been made upon him by Louis F. Payn, ex-Police Commissioner Charles Murray and others.



BOOTH-TUCKER ON TRIAL FOR MAINTAINING A NUISANCE, AND DEFENDED BY EX-MAYOR A. OAKEY HALL.